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The

EPAULET

MARY WASHINGTON COLLEGE

LITERARY MAGAZINE

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Editorial

"We all come to college, but we don't come for knowledge . . ." is a popular refrain among our students. Is it just a song that is sung when we gather around the piano, or is it an expression of a ruling campus philosophy?

Of course, our college years are the happiest years, but they are also meant to be years of growth and discovery. Never again will such rich opportunities be at our fingertips. Many of us spend hours deciding what to wear the coming weekend, but the thought of spending that much time in the library makes us shudder. When a deadline comes for a report or term paper we rush to the library, scribble our assignment down, and hurry back to the room for a few rounds of bridge. Browsing in the library is unheard of, and entering the building when we have no definite assignment is looked on as sheer madness.

The college makes a great effort to have speakers who are noted authorities in their fields. Prior to the speaker's arrival announcements are made concerning his topic and his background. When the speaker arrives and gives his speech there is often a

fairly good audience. Wouldn't we be embarrassed if he knew that his audience consists of the classes that meet at that hour and that the rest of us are sitting in the C-Shoppe admitting that we never heard of him? There is even honor among the ignorant.

Before complaining about a boring professor let us switch places with him. Would a room full of uniformed, letter-writing, day-dreaming students stimulate us? He is probably much more bored than we are: he has suffered through the whole day, while we only yawn away fifty minutes of it.

Since we all agreed in September on the great inspiration of our Chancellor's address at the opening convocation, let us take a closer, more personal look at a very significant passage:

"And if, by any chance, wherever you are in the span of collegiate years, you have not yet experienced the sheer joy or exaltation of happiness as made tangible in excellence, then I fear you have not yet envisioned what a college is ideally for, and what a student realistically should anticipate and work for."

Betty Desmond

ATTENTION!!

We want to know what you think of this issue of THE EPAULET. If you have any reaction--praise, anger, or just a yawn--please write it down and send it to:

Letter to the Editor
THE EPAULET
Box 1876, College Station
Fredericksburg, Virginia

or give it to:

Elaine Freedman
Anne Fairfax Annex

We will print as many letters as we can.

"CHINA DOLLS"

Margie Richey

Sweetbriar College, '58

In order to keep the Mary Washington students informed as to what others of our age and educational level are thinking and writing, we intend to include in each issue of THE EPAULET an article from another college. In this issue we are including a story by Margie Richey, Sweetbriar College, '58.

He had not called. It was Shelly's birthday, and David had planned a party with wine and Italian food for the two of them. They were going to drive out to a quiet place in the country. David said he wanted to be alone with her and away from campus and their mutual friends so they could talk. He was going to telephone to tell her when he would pick her up. But he did not call or come.

Shelly had stayed in her room and foolishly attempted to study. She tried to look busy. She did not want to talk to any of the girls, not even Nancy her roommate. Nancy was always advising her, and if there was one thing Shelly had not wanted to hear that evening, it was a lecture. Each time the phone rang at the other end of the hall she listened to the footsteps pass her door and echo further down the corridor. Then a girl's voice would announce the arrival of someone else's date. At midnight the switchboards closed and she went to bed. She lay awake most of the night too worried to sleep.

"I should have told him myself," Shelly had thought, "I knew he was going to find out. It would have been better if I had told him. Then, at least he would have thought I was honest, not the wretched and deceitful creature he thinks I am now."

By the time she had brushed her teeth and combed her hair the next morning, she had reasoned herself out of expecting his call.

"He just feels that it would be better if we didn't see each other again. And he probably hasn't much to say to me." She looked at her reflection in the mirror as if it were a portrait of the person she hated most in the world.

When David suddenly arrived on campus that evening she could hardly make herself see him.

"If I could just run to the end of the world and jump off . . ." she thought as she tried to put on her lipstick. When she walked down the stairs to meet him, the make-up had done very little good in adding color to her face. She was very pale and frightened.

She knew they were going to have to talk the whole ugly business out, but she decided she would wait until later in the evening. Maybe after they had danced a while and had a few drinks, David would say something first. Wine and darkness always made talking easier even if she had to bring up the subject herself. She disliked the idea of numbing her senses with liquor, but it would make the situation less difficult.

They had not gone to the quiet place in the country, but to the local road house where all the college crowd gathered to drink and make loud noises together. She saw several girls who lived on her hall look at her as if she was standing there naked, or worse, wearing only a pair of underpants. Shelly tried to smile casually as she and David passed them, but she could not help looking back to see if her seams were straight. She hated Patty and Ann.

"They are the kind of girls who always make you feel your slip strap is broken or your lipstick is smeared," Shelly's smile straightened into a thin line. For the last three days everytime she spoke to Patty and Ann, they had given her the feeling she was talking to them without any clothes on.

She looked at David sitting across the table from her. He was being pleasant, too pleasant. She wanted to scream at him.

"Why don't you say it," she stared at him, "Blare out the ugly words you are thinking. Don't sit there smiling at me as if everything were all right, as if you didn't know." Then she found herself returning his smile and holding tightly to his hand.

"You've torn that paper napkin to pieces, honey," David looked at the twisted bits of paper which laid scattered over the red formica table-top, "And you haven't touched the champagne."

He leaned towards her, "Why don't we dance, and you can concentrate on how much I love you instead of whatever you have been thinking about while you mangled that napkin."

He led her past several couples to the floor, smiling at cute girls as they went. "Those beautiful eyes of yours were getting so big, so blue, and so sad I felt honor bound to do something to cheer you up. I couldn't very well start kissing you in front of all these people," he winked at her, "So I guess putting my arms around you while we are dancing will have to do for now."

They danced. He pulled her very close to him, and the rhythm of their bodies was one. Swaying together, pressed so tightly against him suddenly made her sick.

"I don't feel very well, David. Let's sit down. I don't really like that song much anyway."

"Honey, that's the one about 'moon-and-stars, baby-rock, baby-rock,'" he laughed and acted out the rocking motions with his hands and hips.

"Please, David, let's sit down."

His constant kidding and frequent jerky laughs were an indication of his uneasiness. Shelly knew he had been "making an effort" all evening.

"If I could just crawl through the walls and

get out of here," she thought. She felt her hands. They had often joked about it together.

"Honey, I'm really sorry about your birthday. You aren't mad at me because I didn't get here are you?" It was the third time David had apologized and the third time she had forgiven him.

She tried to smile, "I can hardly blame you for getting a flat tire half way up a mountain and fifty miles, each way, from civilization."

"I couldn't call you until the next morning because I got back to school so late." He slid into the booth facing her. "Then I decided I'd better wait until you were through your morning classes, so I'd be sure to get you. Telephone messages in dormitories, somehow, never seem to get delivered."

Shelly looked at the bubbles coming up slowly from the bottom of her champagne glass. She remembered the morning classes David had waited for her to get through. The professor had been talking about *Measure for Measure* in halting tones. For 65 minutes his face altered between red and pale gray as he tried to explain to the girls, as delicately as possible, the meaning and intrigue of fornication as set forth for stage tremble as she looked about the room full of people and smoke. She tried to wipe the damp-

THE SEARCH



ness of her hands on her dress without David noticing. He hated girls with "clammy" hands. production by William Shakespeare. On most occasions, Mr. Tate avoided the subject of sex altogether, but in a play devoted almost completely to people sleeping or wanting to sleep together, he was forced to approach the subject at least lightly. The muscles around his eyes twitched in little jerking motion as he apologized for the audience's taste in Elizabethan times.

Whatever else he said was mumbled into the wall and away from the classroom. Shelly smiled at poor Mr. Tate as he twitched and muddled into his book or out the window. He always avoided unpleasant subjects, particularly those concerning sex. He nor any of the other bachelor professors wanted to think that these lovely fresh little girls who sat in front of them three days a week were exposed to the sordidness of life. It seemed to Shelly that they had fled to the college campus to avoid life and wanted to pretend that no one around them ever came in contact with it either.

"They know so little about us," Shelly had thought looking at Mr. Tate toss a piece of chalk from one hand to the other. "They think we are delicate toys and they want to fill our

china heads with pretty thoughts."

She scribbled on her note book as she tried to listen to Mr. Tate explain Act II, scene I. He concentrated on the passages about Isabella since these concerned virtue and nunneries.

"I wonder what poor little Mr. Tate would do if he knew about me." Shelly's body grew tense. She suddenly remembered the telephone call which still had not come. "David, David. I wonder if he knows about me. Why hasn't he called? He must know. Somebody must have told him. Why couldn't it have been me."

Then she looked at David sitting across the table from her. He was pouring them each another glass of champagne. He was the only boy Shelly had ever loved. All the rest had been play things that she had successfully manipulated against one another and to her decided advantage since she first began dating at thirteen. For seven years she had not realized boys were really people. They seemed like automatons incapable of giving or receiving true feeling. But David was different. He had caused her to think of people as persons and herself as an individual. For the first time in her twenty-one years she loved the feeling of holding hands and of trying to be a good person. Shelly believed that it was David's goodness which flowed out over

WOODCUT

by DORIT LESSER



her and penetrated all her badness making her a new Shelly Davis.

"I hope you're thinking nice thoughts, Darling," David shoved the glass of champagne between her fingers, "I'd hate that long silent look to mean something unhappy about us."

Shelly's head jerked quickly, "David, you breathe life into me. Each time we are together my thoughts are all mixed up with flowers, trees, religion, love, and moonlight."

"You're talking like a poet in blank verse," he teased. Shelly usually did, and David loved her romantic yet acute means of expression.

She looked at him. He was smiling at her, and she realized he did not know. Shelly knew that if he left her he would yank out the very essence of her life. Yet, for the first time in her life her hurt mattered less to her than someone else's.

Shelly's love affairs were common knowledge among the student body. Yet she was not considered cheap or even a "bad" girl, and had received many offices during her three years at college. It seemed strange to her when she thought about the moral standards of this Southern college for very socially acceptable young women; a girl acquired a worse reputation for having bleached hair than for petting in parked cars with boys.

"David", she was very pale, "David, I love you so much and that's why I am going to have to hurt you terribly now."

"Honey, nothing you could say would hurt me."

"Stop, David. You sound ridiculous. Don't say anything. You're making it worse. Please listen quietly until I have finished," Shelly could not look at him, "And then I'll listen to

whatever you want to say. If you have anything to say."

"All right, Shelly."

"David, I'm going to say it quickly. And then, I'll probably cry." The tears were already in her eyes. "David, I'm not the kind of girl you think I am. In fact, I am bad."

He smiled at her. It was a worried smile and sympathetic.

"I don't know how else to tell you, except quite simply. I have been very bad with lots of different boys."

His face was expressionless, as if he had not heard what she said. "I have been afraid of being pregnant many times, David," she emphasized the words to make them clear.

He remained looking at her without saying a word. She began to cry.

"Shelly," he said softly, "I love you."

He handed her a handkerchief to wipe her eyes and then took one of her hands, gripping it tightly, "Shelly, I am marrying a woman, not a social register. I don't want you because you are good or bad, I want you because you are you."

Shelly looked at him to see if he was being serious.

"Whatever it has taken to make you what you are, that is what I love and what I'm going to marry."

"David, you've never mentioned marriage before."

"It was my birthday present to you. Now, let's dance so I can hold you in my arms." The song was 'moon-and-stars, baby-rock, baby-rock'. They danced, and the rhythm of their bodies was one.

POEM

Timartha Pierce, '62

A golden stream of sunlight could be seen glinting through the fertile foliage of the trees;
From some secluded pond known to none, a
frog appeared; I studied him on bended
knees.

The intricacies of the pebbles by the side of the
road delayed and fascinated me.

The silverness of some since forgotten mineral
then caught the sun, then set it free.

Then there was a wild rose standing solitary
against a field of long neglected wheat.

Out of the darkness of the moistening woods came
the drumming of a grouse protesting the
heat.

I stopped and listened but then it ceased and an
age rolled by.

An age full of awe, full of awareness, where
did that fly?

It went with the years, quickly; with transient
quietude it disappeared.

Yet for this one brief second, the glory of a
child's world reappeared.



HIPPOLYTUS by JANE E. SHUMAN

BON CHANCE

(REVIEW OF *RALLY ROUND THE FLAG, BOYS!*)

Miriam Gobel, '60

If you can spare thirty-five cents the next time you go into your favorite supermarket, it would be truly worthwhile to invest this sum in the book that has replaced *Peyton Place* on the shelf reserved for household necessities. Sit down, take off your shoes, turn on the TV and ignore it while glancing at the frontispiece of Max Shulman's *Rally Round The Flag, Boys!* From this moment (and this ritual is tried and tested), your immersion into this masterpiece will be complete.

Masterpiece? This tale of life in Suburbia, U.S.A. is doubly amusing to those living in the commuting area of New York City; the "man in the gray flannel suit" rides on the club car of the New Haven Railroad's commuter train from 5:29 to 6:40 PM, fortifying himself with plenty of Old Grandad for the shock of another evening in his \$40,000, doubly-mortgaged home.

This somewhat dismal scene is relieved shortly before the end of the first chapter by the announcement, which threatens to disturb the placidity of this middle-middle class town, that the U. S. Government has assigned a nuke base to Putnam's Landing, Connecticut. Yielding to the inevitable, these civic minded suburbanites are forced to change their living standards to accommodate the U. S. Army. The movement is accomplished with much hilarity — teenagers (and their parents) hover dangerously near corruption, and the gray-flanneled man wrestles with infidelity—and loses.

Three hours of concentrated reading should bring you to the end of this rousing drama. Tear yourself away from your English term paper and French verbs and enjoy yourself. Bon chance!

ODE TO INDIAN SUMMER

Ann Monroe Stinchcomb, '60

Eeeeeek, it's very hot
There is a lot
Of hot heat

I can't eat—
So I drink
Drink water.
What's the matter??
It's very hot!

So I know.
Know what?
I'm dying—
Dying or lying?
Heat prostration
Gives me sensations.

Oh well, it's very hot
And I am not
Being clever
And I'll never
Impress you . . . Whew!
It's hot.

Guess I'd better
Put a damper
On this—
Hiss!

Anne Butler, '60

Two figures on the sand
Talking softly, quietly,
Screaming inside.

Sand blowing around them
Lifting quickly, futilely,
Being pulled down.

Water moving toward them
Swishing gently, falling,
Sliding away.

Moon glinting down for them
Streaking silvery, mingling,
Drowning itself.

Two figures on the sand
Embracing silently, urgently,
Seeking escape.

(Dedicated to all Individualists,
For they will understand.)

FAR AWAY IN THE NIGHT

Elaine Freedman, '60

Far away in the night a dog cries—always.
The room—the familiar room—warm, secure:
but only an island in the sea of darkness.

Walk through the night.
Cut the darkness with your body.
Feel it slip by your sides, glide around you . . .
then close again into the solid black.

Warm, sweet darkness.
Far away in the night—always.

IMPATIENCE

Bobbie Garverick, '60

I am impatient.
I yearn to see you standing before me,
Tall, slender, eager.
I would walk toward you, slowly at first,
Then quickening my steps,
Until we were
Together.
I would trace the outline of your face with one
finger—
The tip brushing your lips.
And then my lips would be patient no longer.
There would be a sweet stillness.
A star—our star — would wink approvingly
and I would say to him
go.
scamper over the clouds
run to the maninthemoon
and knock on the door.
say HE HAS COME
SHE IS HAPPY ONCE MORE.

He would do as he was bid.
And we would be alone then.
Your hands would be gentle, as always.
We would have a fine talk (and yet there would
be no words).
I would feel your warm breath in my ear, and
I . . .

I . . .
I must be content with
dreaming . . .
and yearning . . .
and waiting . . .

Once in a while one crosses the narrow bounds of his own world and enters the world of another . . . In her poem, Natalie Robins captures the intense feeling of such an experience.

Natalie S. Robins, '60

in order to live one needs to
be remembered
as a velvet camel
reaching across burnt tresses
that seek the other world
how bright the tide appears
yet yellowed by the sigh
of turning braids of
feathered gold
out and above the stagnant way
of breezes
you come to me and live
as in a world of other men
that cross the patterned
disc to be
is to die in
lonely graves
time twists your
staff it
breathes with mold
yes i remember but
only cry
for in your world my
path enfolds you
come to me and live as in
a world of other men
and diamond arrows at
the end will find the
fleeing sap so call
your name my road
will lead create with
traveling eyes and evermore
my grave will sing
believe
my velvet pet

REMEMBERING

Ann Rodabaugh, '59

You are with me as wind
through tall pine trees;
A thought escaping the leaves
of memories.



WOODCUT

by DORIT LESSER

It has been said that persons who write letters have little insight concerning life. However, Joanne Lister strikes out against the insipid conformity which is pushed at us, fed to us, and worn in every trench coat!

Joanne Lister, '60

Monday evening

Dear Annie,

Tonight is so hot and humid. It makes me feel as though I am living in a desert. Now Ann, you know that you will return to school and live in the same manner as you did last year. It is horrible to see one's fate, isn't it? How else can one live down there? So you are not to blame. However, one must rule her fate. And not allow her fate to master her. That is what Bertrand Russell means by absolving time. You read my paper for Leidecker.

It is because I see my fate there that I hesitated to return, but I can also see my fate if I should remain in the city. It is a question of the lesser of the two evils. Life is full of decisions, and it is always a question of the lesser of the two evils. Let me quote something from *The Picture of Dorian Gray*: "It is better not to be different from one's fellows. The ugly and the stupid have the best of it in this world. They can sit at their ease and gape at the play. If they know nothing of victory, they are at least spared the knowledge of defeat. They live as well as we all should live, undisturbed, indifferent, and without disquiet. They neither bring ruin upon others, nor ever receive it from alien hands."

You feel sad because you are yearning for something that you no longer have in your possession—youth. Not the kind of youth that we have now . . . a youngster's carefree youth is what we long for; one with no responsibilities. I felt the same feeling long ago. That is why we must look for the lasting things in life, and not for immediate pleasures, for they disappear all too soon. That is why I said to you in my first letter that one must know what she wants *before* she seeks it. Life is too short to taste every little pleasure of the moment. For this reason we must be patient with ourselves; because now we are just deciding what we want. Soon we will be equipped to seek it; and, we will find that perhaps life will meet us halfway. It is because we are intelligent that we must take our time, otherwise we will have to be content with mediocrity. If one has faith in

life, one will find that she will never be struck while she is down; but one must have faith. Life is funny that way. I don't believe in being pessimistic, because pessimism depresses me. It is not deceiving yourself if you are an optimist; you are keeping yourself happy, and you are utilizing faith. What else is faith, but optimism? Or hope? But I will always maintain that "nothing is so bad that can't be worse." You see I am getting back to my old self again; the one I lost last year. Don't ever let any person steal your individuality from you. It took me a long time to regain mine; but I lost a whole year doing it. That is the only grounds for hating a person. For that is how a person can destroy you.

The air is not quiet, something is about to happen; I can feel it! Write soon,

Love,

Joanne

Linda Roberts offers fresh thoughts on words that have been tossed about so often that one no longer looks beyond the terms to find a meaning.

DISCRIMINATION

Linda Roberts, '60

Gentle breezes blow
Among the rows of a tulip bed.
Hills of red, yellow and white;
Yet,
A solitary black tulip
Battles with the wind.

MECHANISM

Linda Roberts, '60

Life is a mechanical toy,
A turning treadmill.
Man is but conformity's joy,
A churning animal.
Bound to its pace.

AUTUMN

Mary Ann Johnson

people turn from the sun to
each other for warmth.

A boy without a father, a man without a son, each supposedly could fill a need in the other. Betty Desmond, editor of THE EPAULET and author of this prize winning story, shows how the interplay of strong forces often prevents even so simple a supposition. Betty's story won second prize in the short story contest sponsored by the Virginia Division of the Association of American University Women. The award (a certificate) was presented on August 14, 1958, at the Virginia Highlands Festival in Abingdon, Virginia.

THE SICKNESS

Betty Desmond, '59

Tommy gulped the rest of his milk and squirmed impatiently in his chair. Cindy was drawing pictures in her mashed potatoes again, but Tommy was too anxious to get away to bother with tattling on his little sister. A glance at his mother assured him that she was too interested in the evening's paper to have noticed how quickly he finished supper. Mama always said that at suppertime she wanted to read the paper and relax after her day in the office. She said that after listening to Mr. Taylor fuss all day she'd rather Tommy and Cindy were quiet at the table.

After sitting for another long minute Tommy asked softly, "May I be excused?" His mother kept reading the paper beside her plate, and taking no answer as permission, he slipped out of his chair and ran up to his room.

His new Boy Scout pack was on the bed, and Tommy tried it on once more to see if it felt as good on his back as it had all afternoon. Tomorrow was his first camping trip with the Boy Scout troop. Of course Tommy had been on trips when he was in the Cub Scouts, but that was before he was eleven years old. Now he felt the same way towards the Cub Scouts as he did toward his nine-year-old sister. Any-way this trip was something special—a father-son camping trip for three days on Afton Mountain.

Tommy's Daddy had been dead for a year, and when Tommy heard about the plans he decided not to go on this trip. After the meeting he told Mr. Higgins, the scoutmaster, that he wouldn't be able to go. "Why, Tommy," Mr. Higgins said, "I was especially hoping you'd be going." Tommy didn't know what to say then, so he just stood there sliding his scarf

up and down and looking at Mr. Higgins' knees. Then Mr. Higgins put his hand on Tommy's shoulder and said, "You see, since I don't have a son, and since we live on the same block, I was thinking that maybe you and I could make a father-son team." Tommy felt suddenly warm inside, and he tried to smile although his throat was hurting and his eyes were watering. Mumbling that maybe he could go after all, Tommy ran out of the door.

After that Tommy sat on Mr. Higgins' front steps for a half hour almost every day, while the scoutmaster helped him work for his tenderfoot badge. Sitting on the concrete steps in the afternoon they had many long talks, and Tommy was always surprised to discover when he stood up that his bottom was damp and cold.

One or two afternoons Mr. Higgins didn't come home to sit on the steps with Tommy. The next day he explained that he was detained at work. Mr. Higgins never talked about his job, and Tommy wondered where he worked. He felt sure that whatever the scoutmaster did, it must be very good, and he must make a lot of money because he was so smart.

Saturday Tommy had heard Mrs. Thornhill, the lady across the street, say to his mother, "Joyce, you must be crazy to let that child hang around Ray Higgins so much."

Mama had answered, "I know, I know, but he takes such an interest in Tommy and gives him the kind of attention he needs. Besides I hear he has a steady job now."

Mrs. Thornhill gave mother an I-know-you-ate-the-cookies look and said, "At present Ray Higgins is a used-car salesman. In the past six months he had sold slot machines, insurance and now it's cars. Boy Scouts seem to be his latest whim."

"Didn't he like selling slot machines?" Tommy wanted to know.

His mother started to say something, but Mrs. Thornhill interrupted, "Guess I better finish sweeping my sidewalk."

"What about the slot machines?" In his excitement Tommy's voice was getting loud and squeaky.

His mother smiled and pulled him up close to her the way she used to do when he was little. Then she held him away from her and said, "Tommy, Mr. Higgins has a sort of sickness. Nobody else can catch it, but he can't get rid of it. He's had so many different jobs because he is sick real often and has to go to a

(Continued on page 15)



Dr. Enrique Revol

BEL CANTO

Dr. Revol, noted Argentine author, has honored THE EPAULET with a translation of this story taken from a collection of his works. Although Dr. McIntosh, who so kindly translated "Bel Canto" into English, insists that our language cannot do complete justice to Mr. Revol's sophisticated style, we find it delightful.

And the same thing always happened. When he felt happy, when people seemed at their best, and everything around him seemed brightest; then he had to refrain. Because they had succeeded in terrifying him, he even experienced panic from just thinking that others might discover that he had wanted to sing. That explained why his happiness was so short lived; why the dark clouds gathered so quickly; why he was left with only gloomy sentinels for friends.

Well, yes, they had convinced him that he could not sing—that he should never sing. Were they satisfied now? He sang badly, very badly. But deep within, when he sang, purest harmony diffused his entire being. Did it matter so much, really, that he could not communicate this harmony to others? Did it matter so much? From within, his very viscera, muscles and bones

urged him on. From without, the whole world urged him. Now when the rays of sun warmed him and a bit of sea washed him, his body ached from so long a silence; his very soul was in pain.

But he could resist no longer. The sun and the sea demanded a song. All cried out for a song.

* * *

"What a splendid voice!" said a passerby, stopping to listen to the rolling sound that came from the window of that bathroom. "What a powerful voice and how caressing at the same time! What consummate mastery!"

* * *

The man who was bathing was filled with satisfaction.

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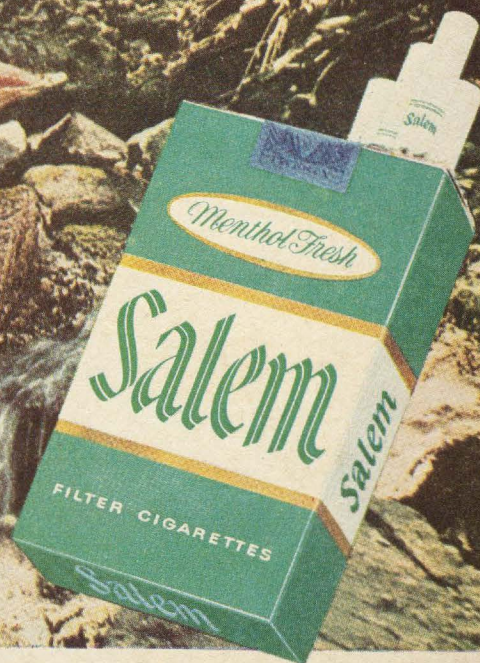
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